

All Fair Visitors and others are invited to visit our Free Daily Concerts on the Victor-Victrola, and the Pianola Piano. Hear these great instruments.

Grand Carnival of Piano Bargains For Buyers During Fair Week

It is a sale that will be remembered long, as one of the greatest yet held. Among the offerings will be many slightly used pianos that are as good as new, but which will be sold at a mere fraction of the former price. For instance:

- 1 Weber Grand Piano, rosewood case; original price \$1,100, Fair Sale price \$650.
- 1 Bradford Piano, upright ebony case, original price \$325; Fair Sale price only \$210.
- 1 Lakeside Piano, upright, mahogany case, original price \$425; Fair Sale price only \$240.
- 1 Hinz Piano, upright, mahogany case, original price \$300, Fair Sale price \$195.
- 1 Ballermann & Son Piano, upright, mahogany case, original price \$425, Fair Sale price \$240.
- 1 Hensel Piano, upright, mahogany case, original price \$325, Fair Sale price \$225.
- 1 Stuyvesant Piano, upright, walnut case, original price \$350, Fair Sale price \$225.

In addition to the above slightly used instruments, we have received two carloads of new Pianos for this sale. See them. Hear them. Try them. Write for catalogue.

Walter D. Moses & Co.,

103 East Broad Street, Richmond, Va.
Oldest Music House in Virginia and North Carolina.

"Discoverer" Discovered



DR. FREDERICK A. COOK.

approvingly at the mean room and suggested that a taxicab should be taken to his hotel. Out in the street he chose one with the top down, in which he sat quite openly for the observation of those on the street and in passing vehicles. As is well known, the West End is crowded with Americans at this time of the year.

"Aren't you afraid of being seen by some one who may know you?" He shook his head.

"Not at all. Why," he said, "I've lived here weeks at a time under my own name in one of the largest of Westminster hotels, where 70 per cent. of the visitors are Americans."

London is a safe "wilderness." "Not a soul has recognized me. London is a wilderness. It is the safest hermitage I've found. Of course, people have said that they have seen me, but that doesn't matter to me so long as reporters do not actually get on my trail."

Dr. Cook had instructed the chauffeur to drive to Hyde Park. Here the man stopped and looked back for further instructions. He has directed to go down Constitution Hill toward St. James's Palace and thence to Waterloo Place. When the cab again came to a halt Dr. Cook made a hurried survey to the rear. It was done furtively. Certain that he was not being followed, he gave further directions. The result of these were that the taxi wheeled and started back in the direction whence we had come, the explorer after his observation appearing certain that the coast was clear.

The cab's course carried the remarkable Dr. Cook right through the middle of one of London's largest, busiest thoroughfares, past the portals of the capital's most famous theatres. Indeed, it was right in the midst of Theatreland that the cab was ordered to halt, and the World correspondent followed Dr. Cook into an old, established and well known hotel.

The doctor was saluted respectfully by the proprietor, and clerks and other attendants evidently regarded him favorably as a familiar and generous guest of the place.

Then Dr. Cook did an odd thing. The World correspondent had started to lead the way toward the elevator. Dr. Cook took his arm and guided him about the stairway to his room on the third floor.

"I don't go in lifts often," said Dr. Cook in explanation. "You get very close to strangers in them, and if you should come upon an acquaintance—well, you are, so to speak, in a trap."

Dr. Cook, at ease, tells his story. His apartment in the hotel proved to be a large and airy one, facing on a side street. Traffic roared beyond on the main thoroughfare. The explorer uttered a sound, something in the nature of a sigh of relief and contentment, and closed and locked the door. He took off his derby hat, and, with an easy manner, motioned the World correspondent to an arm chair and seated himself.

Then he began to talk freely—much more freely than he had during the ride in the cab; for then, despite his assurance of security, his attention was always divided; he kept shooting glances at all directions over on the alert; apparently uneasy always over the possibility of a pointing finger and a shout of recognition from the crowds.

"You would be surprised," he began, "to know how little I have heard of what has happened since my departure from New York."

There was no mystery about it except that caused by the number of incorrect guesses made and published of my movements." He smiled. "Even now I see them in the papers. Only one of all of them approached the truth about my whereabouts or movements. And now I am quite willing to tell you frankly all about them."

Dr. Cook settled in his chair and was thoughtful for a few seconds before beginning.

"I left New York," he said, "for Toronto, Canada, November 25. I told nobody of my intention. I shaved off my mustache and put on a soft hat instead of the derby I usually wore. I adopted no other disguise. Nobody apparently recognized me in Toronto. From there I went to Halifax, where I sailed for Liverpool. At Liverpool I took a train for London and went straight to a prominent Westminster hotel. I registered there as F. A. Cook."

Seeing the surprise in the listener's countenance, the explorer said: "I give you my word I registered in that manner—under my own name. The hotel book is there to prove it. Wife Met Him at Gibraltar Christmas Time."

"When I say I told nobody of my departure from America, I have omitted my wife," he knew. Within a few days of my departure from New York my wife sailed for Naples. From there she made her way to Gibraltar, and it was there, in the shadow of the big rock, that we met just before Christmas, 1909."

"We traveled five days in Spain," he continued, "and then visited Tangier, in Morocco, enjoying ourselves immensely. From Morocco we took ship to Lisbon, and from Portugal we sailed for the River Plate, visiting Montevideo and Buenos Aires. From that city we sailed around Cape Horn to Valparaiso, Chile."

Here the doctor paused, lifted his head and his strong white teeth gleamed between his lips. He was laughing heartily again.

"I encouraged more newspaper enterprise in Santiago than was comfortable. Indeed, it beat anything of the kind that I had ever known. The Chilean of my hotel one morning I literally fell over a reporter pointing his camera at the door, lying in wait for me. And, besides that, he snapped me before I had a chance to recover and shut the door in his face."

The sunlight was brilliant and I fully expected to see the picture reproduced in New York newspapers, but never heard of it. Anyway, it made me decide that it would be well to alter my appearance again. But that did not make me feel happy. Traps were laid for us in the dining room, and every resource known to the most enlightened reporters was employed to establish our identity and get the admission of the fact. Indeed, I set my own wits working to escape the espionage."

"We got away rather sharply after seeing a wonderful country and a most enlightening people. The Chileans will rule much of South America some day."

He saw William J. Bryan in Chile. "As to their reporters and editors, they ought to import a few into the United States."

"And while in Chile," he went on, "I saw William Jennings Bryan. But it was at a distance. I saw also many other Americans, but I avoided contact with them."

verse with everybody, at all times, whenever possible."

Evidently Dr. Cook, harassed by the vigilant press of Santiago, decided that the mystery of his whereabouts was under too thin a veil for him to sail openly out of port, with the cable wires and wireless messages to fling the news across seas to any place to which he might take passage. For in his recital of his wanderings—about which the whole world was conjecturing blindly at the time—he said at this point:

"I concluded that the best trail was across the Andes to Buenos Ayres. Of course this trip was an arduous one, for it was made before the railroad over the Andes was opened and in operation. We stopped for some little time in Buenos Ayres. It is a remarkable city. It is a combination of Paris and New York, and is just as costly to live in as either."

"Mrs. Cook left me there, sailing for London and then returning to New York in order to get our children and bring them to Europe. I continued my peregrinations in hind, continuing my peregrinations in Paraguay and other regions, and finally taking ship for England and arriving here about the middle of May."

"You were in London at the time that Lieutenant Peary delivered his lecture before the Royal Geographical Society in Albert Hall, were you not?" asked the World man.

He nodded affirmatively.

"He heard Peary's lecture," he said. "The World got information at the time that you actually attended the lecture. Is that so?"

Again Dr. Cook nodded affirmatively, and shook with enjoyment at the contemplation.

"You're right; I did," he said. "I was much interested in Peary's lecture and heard it very comfortably. I was within twenty yards of him at one time. But that story will keep. Also the story of how I got the tickets for the lecture. It was rather amusing."

No amount of urging would make the doctor tell any more regarding this interesting adventure.

At this mention of the monarch who attacked Cook, the doctor's face grew here during the King's funeral. Did you see it?"

"Why, of course I saw it. I had a seat in Edgeware Road with a whole bunch of Americans around me. We had a bully time."

"You must have seen the King of Denmark there," said the World correspondent.

Sunday Magazine Of The Times-Dispatch

One of the many splendid features of The Times-Dispatch is the Illustrated Magazine with beautiful colored cover, printed each Sunday.

No feature has found more favor with the reading public than The Times-Dispatch Magazine, which contains excellent short and continued stories, timely articles and illustrations by well-known authors.

Order The Times-Dispatch To-Day.

DR. COOK FOUND; ATTACKS PEARY, AND WILL FIGHT

(Continued From First Page.)

change his place of residence before the publication of his statement.

Most circuitous were the arrangements that finally found the World correspondent seated in the dim little West End office where Dr. Cook had finally decided to reveal himself—to step out of the concealment that not all the ferreting of secret service government agents, journalistic sleuths, the magically, swiftly passed word of telegraph, wireless and telephone and the broadcast spreading of his photographs and description had been able to invade.

Meeting of the World Correspondent and Dr. Cook.

It was a mean, barren old room, with only a table and a few chairs for furniture. It began to appear as if perhaps the elusive Cook might have sunk to poverty, might have had swept out of his possession all the thousands of dollars he garnered when, as the acclaimed discoverer of the North Pole, he lectured in America to halls filled to the last inch with enthusiastic crowds.

But just then there came a rattle of the knob of the old door, and the correspondent, who had been sitting in solitude, started. The door moved open slowly and cautiously. Face was thrust inside. It broke into a smile. The door swung open wider, and the tall, well dressed arrival put out his hand and said calmly, his face still holding the smile:

"I am Dr. Frederick A. Cook and I am immensely glad to see you. You are the first person to whom I have admitted my identity or to whom I have spoken in my own name, except my wife and children, since I left New York, November 25, last year. I have heard myself discussed in various places and under different circumstances, but my incognito was only penetrated—by newspaper men in Santiago, Chile—and then I got away before the suspicion could be made good or verified."

Dr. Cook was laughing as he spoke thus unreservedly.

The nerve-broken, weak, pallid and distracted man, such as he was described as having become when he sought refuge from the cyclone of condemnation that struck him and established a hermitage in Bronxville, N. Y., a year ago, was in appearance the self-acknowledged Dr. Cook who met the World correspondent.

Dr. Cook the Picture of Health, Tanned and Robust.

He stood tall and robust, wearing dark apparel and a black derby hat, carrying gray gloves and a walking stick. His countenance was sun-tanned and rounded in the cheek lines. He waited, hat off, smilingly contemplating the scrutiny of his interviewer.

Of course his appearance was made dissimilar from his best known photographs by the Van Dyke beard, with its point lengthening his face, and its gray grown sides, and the mustache that had been allowed to grow long, with sweeping ends, and the hair, changed from its combed back from his forehead to a bang thrown forward over his sun-browned brow, but his other features were unmistakably those of Dr. Cook.

Of course the likeness was unmistakable when one observed his eyes—the blue-gray, rather near together, observant eyes, bearing then, in the dim little room in West End London, the same amply ironic gleam that is so prominent in that famous photograph that shows him with his neck garlanded, receiving the freedom of New York and the homage of its crowds.

He laughed heartily when the World correspondent said, "You certainly look a different man from the wan, troubled creature you were described as being before your disappearance."

"Oh, yes; my rest has done me good," he replied. Then he looked around dis-

approvingly at the mean room and suggested that a taxicab should be taken to his hotel. Out in the street he chose one with the top down, in which he sat quite openly for the observation of those on the street and in passing vehicles. As is well known, the West End is crowded with Americans at this time of the year.

"Aren't you afraid of being seen by some one who may know you?" He shook his head.

"Not at all. Why," he said, "I've lived here weeks at a time under my own name in one of the largest of Westminster hotels, where 70 per cent. of the visitors are Americans."

London is a safe "wilderness." "Not a soul has recognized me. London is a wilderness. It is the safest hermitage I've found. Of course, people have said that they have seen me, but that doesn't matter to me so long as reporters do not actually get on my trail."

Dr. Cook had instructed the chauffeur to drive to Hyde Park. Here the man stopped and looked back for further instructions. He has directed to go down Constitution Hill toward St. James's Palace and thence to Waterloo Place. When the cab again came to a halt Dr. Cook made a hurried survey to the rear. It was done furtively. Certain that he was not being followed, he gave further directions. The result of these were that the taxi wheeled and started back in the direction whence we had come, the explorer after his observation appearing certain that the coast was clear.

The cab's course carried the remarkable Dr. Cook right through the middle of one of London's largest, busiest thoroughfares, past the portals of the capital's most famous theatres. Indeed, it was right in the midst of Theatreland that the cab was ordered to halt, and the World correspondent followed Dr. Cook into an old, established and well known hotel.

The doctor was saluted respectfully by the proprietor, and clerks and other attendants evidently regarded him favorably as a familiar and generous guest of the place.

Then Dr. Cook did an odd thing. The World correspondent had started to lead the way toward the elevator. Dr. Cook took his arm and guided him about the stairway to his room on the third floor.

"I don't go in lifts often," said Dr. Cook in explanation. "You get very close to strangers in them, and if you should come upon an acquaintance—well, you are, so to speak, in a trap."

Dr. Cook, at ease, tells his story. His apartment in the hotel proved to be a large and airy one, facing on a side street. Traffic roared beyond on the main thoroughfare. The explorer uttered a sound, something in the nature of a sigh of relief and contentment, and closed and locked the door. He took off his derby hat, and, with an easy manner, motioned the World correspondent to an arm chair and seated himself.

Then he began to talk freely—much more freely than he had during the ride in the cab; for then, despite his assurance of security, his attention was always divided; he kept shooting glances at all directions over on the alert; apparently uneasy always over the possibility of a pointing finger and a shout of recognition from the crowds.

There was no mystery about it except that caused by the number of incorrect guesses made and published of my movements." He smiled. "Even now I see them in the papers. Only one of all of them approached the truth about my whereabouts or movements. And now I am quite willing to tell you frankly all about them."

Dr. Cook settled in his chair and was thoughtful for a few seconds before beginning.

"I left New York," he said, "for Toronto, Canada, November 25. I told nobody of my intention. I shaved off my mustache and put on a soft hat instead of the derby I usually wore. I adopted no other disguise. Nobody apparently recognized me in Toronto. From there I went to Halifax, where I sailed for Liverpool. At Liverpool I took a train for London and went straight to a prominent Westminster hotel. I registered there as F. A. Cook."

Seeing the surprise in the listener's countenance, the explorer said: "I give you my word I registered in that manner—under my own name. The hotel book is there to prove it. Wife Met Him at Gibraltar Christmas Time."

"When I say I told nobody of my departure from America, I have omitted my wife," he knew. Within a few days of my departure from New York my wife sailed for Naples. From there she made her way to Gibraltar, and it was there, in the shadow of the big rock, that we met just before Christmas, 1909."

"We traveled five days in Spain," he continued, "and then visited Tangier, in Morocco, enjoying ourselves immensely. From Morocco we took ship to Lisbon, and from Portugal we sailed for the River Plate, visiting Montevideo and Buenos Aires. From that city we sailed around Cape Horn to Valparaiso, Chile."

Here the doctor paused, lifted his head and his strong white teeth gleamed between his lips. He was laughing heartily again.

"I encouraged more newspaper enterprise in Santiago than was comfortable. Indeed, it beat anything of the kind that I had ever known. The Chilean of my hotel one morning I literally fell over a reporter pointing his camera at the door, lying in wait for me. And, besides that, he snapped me before I had a chance to recover and shut the door in his face."

The sunlight was brilliant and I fully expected to see the picture reproduced in New York newspapers, but never heard of it. Anyway, it made me decide that it would be well to alter my appearance again. But that did not make me feel happy. Traps were laid for us in the dining room, and every resource known to the most enlightened reporters was employed to establish our identity and get the admission of the fact. Indeed, I set my own wits working to escape the espionage."

"We got away rather sharply after seeing a wonderful country and a most enlightening people. The Chileans will rule much of South America some day."

He saw William J. Bryan in Chile. "As to their reporters and editors, they ought to import a few into the United States."

"And while in Chile," he went on, "I saw William Jennings Bryan. But it was at a distance. I saw also many other Americans, but I avoided contact with them."

There was no mystery about it except that caused by the number of incorrect guesses made and published of my movements." He smiled. "Even now I see them in the papers. Only one of all of them approached the truth about my whereabouts or movements. And now I am quite willing to tell you frankly all about them."

Dr. Cook settled in his chair and was thoughtful for a few seconds before beginning.

"I left New York," he said, "for Toronto, Canada, November 25. I told nobody of my intention. I shaved off my mustache and put on a soft hat instead of the derby I usually wore. I adopted no other disguise. Nobody apparently recognized me in Toronto. From there I went to Halifax, where I sailed for Liverpool. At Liverpool I took a train for London and went straight to a prominent Westminster hotel. I registered there as F. A. Cook."

Seeing the surprise in the listener's countenance, the explorer said: "I give you my word I registered in that manner—under my own name. The hotel book is there to prove it. Wife Met Him at Gibraltar Christmas Time."

"When I say I told nobody of my departure from America, I have omitted my wife," he knew. Within a few days of my departure from New York my wife sailed for Naples. From there she made her way to Gibraltar, and it was there, in the shadow of the big rock, that we met just before Christmas, 1909."

"We traveled five days in Spain," he continued, "and then visited Tangier, in Morocco, enjoying ourselves immensely. From Morocco we took ship to Lisbon, and from Portugal we sailed for the River Plate, visiting Montevideo and Buenos Aires. From that city we sailed around Cape Horn to Valparaiso, Chile."

Here the doctor paused, lifted his head and his strong white teeth gleamed between his lips. He was laughing heartily again.

"I encouraged more newspaper enterprise in Santiago than was comfortable. Indeed, it beat anything of the kind that I had ever known. The Chilean of my hotel one morning I literally fell over a reporter pointing his camera at the door, lying in wait for me. And, besides that, he snapped me before I had a chance to recover and shut the door in his face."

The sunlight was brilliant and I fully expected to see the picture reproduced in New York newspapers, but never heard of it. Anyway, it made me decide that it would be well to alter my appearance again. But that did not make me feel happy. Traps were laid for us in the dining room, and every resource known to the most enlightened reporters was employed to establish our identity and get the admission of the fact. Indeed, I set my own wits working to escape the espionage."

"We got away rather sharply after seeing a wonderful country and a most enlightening people. The Chileans will rule much of South America some day."

He saw William J. Bryan in Chile. "As to their reporters and editors, they ought to import a few into the United States."

"And while in Chile," he went on, "I saw William Jennings Bryan. But it was at a distance. I saw also many other Americans, but I avoided contact with them."

all his adventures and experiences; of all the incidents of his travel. He evidently intends putting them forth in the dignified manner of a book—a permanent form, that would either take a place beside the life history of the martyr Dreyfus, or beside the immortal biography of that gorgeous liar, Benvenuto Cellini.

Voluntarily that Dr. Cook swung into a discussion of his future plans, flinging the gauntlet down to Peary and the scientists who joined to make Cook's confusion before he fled the country.

"In due time," said he, "I shall have an important message for the American people and all who are interested in the truth of my Polar work. But I cannot now indicate its import."

"I did not run away from my task, but from the intolerable conditions that were created to ruin it and to goad and harass me. What I so dearly earned may have been flung away to the winds, but I am not sorry. It will come to me just as I shall come back."

Dr. Cook stood up.

"Every world achievement," he said, "is aroused envy and engendered intrigue. My work is not dead nor, as some would wish, am I."

"I shall be leaving London presently, but only to perfect my plan to fight for my own at the proper time and place."

His voice grew very emphatic, and the twinkle and ironic humor that played in his eyes, as he told how he had thrown sand in the eyes of all those who pursued him during the many months of his disappearance.

His voice grew very emphatic, and the twinkle and ironic humor that played in his eyes, as he told how he had thrown sand in the eyes of all those who pursued him during the many months of his disappearance.

His voice grew very emphatic, and the twinkle and ironic humor that played in his eyes, as he told how he had thrown sand in the eyes of all those who pursued him during the many months of his disappearance.

His voice grew very emphatic, and the twinkle and ironic humor that played in his eyes, as he told how he had thrown sand in the eyes of all those who pursued him during the many months of his disappearance.

His voice grew very emphatic, and the twinkle and ironic humor that played in his eyes, as he told how he had thrown sand in the eyes of all those who pursued him during the many months of his disappearance.

His voice grew very emphatic, and the twinkle and ironic humor that played in his eyes, as he told how he had thrown sand in the eyes of all those who pursued him during the many months of his disappearance.

His voice grew very emphatic, and the twinkle and ironic humor that played in his eyes, as he told how he had thrown sand in the eyes of all those who pursued him during the many months of his disappearance.

before granting this interview to the World, his insistence that it must not be printed for forty-eight hours after it was given, is, of course, obvious. It enabled the doctor to seek a fresh hiding place; to remain out of the track of the steam until that time when he may elect to stand out boldly to breast and defy it.

Whiskey Still Captured. [Special to The Times-Dispatch.] Fayetteville, N. C., October 2.—Sheriff N. A. Watson captured in seventy-first township, the thirty-seventh whiskey distillery taken by him since becoming Sheriff of Cumberland county. The still, a fine copper one, of twenty-five gallons capacity, was in full blast.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The St. Clare Millinery, 301 E. Broad Street, ANNOUNCES ITS FIRST FALL SHOWING OF

Fall and Winter Hats and Bonnets ON WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY October 5th and 6th, 1910.

ROMM'S BREAD Try It To-Day BETTER THAN GOOD

MILAM FOR URIC ACID

HAVE YOU SEEN THE New Method Gas Ranges AT Pettit & Co.'s?

A. B. C. Capitol Wrapped Loaf "The best bread you ever tasted." Wrapped in waxed paper—not touched by human hands until it is served on your table.

Arriving daily—FALL FURNITURE. Sydnor & Hundley INCORPORATED

This Shoe in all Leathers. \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50. PARRISH BROS., 21 West Broad.

Fair Dealing Always. Fair Prices Prevail. Fair Visitors Welcome. Two Big Stores—West Broad. East Main. Pitts Furniture Co.

Listen! We say Butter Nut Bread Made by Nolde Bros. Sold by your grocer.

Fontello WATER